

DOUBLE PAGE



EVENING WORLD'S

The Evening World.

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OUR MAFIA.

It is to the credit of the Italian immigration into the United States that if it sometimes brings over with it some survival of the Mafia, it speedily rids itself of this sad legacy of former evil days. It would be sad to think that New York should willingly accept and adopt a curse which can hardly survive in the slums of Naples or Sicily, but the story of The World's efforts to solve the McAuliffe murder mystery reveals the establishment of a terrorism around the Forty-seventh street police station not surpassed in the worst annals of the Mafia.

To all inquiries into the crime made of the residents in the neighborhood of the station the stereotyped answer is: "If I knew anything I would not tell," a convincing proof that the fate of McAuliffe is made to serve its purpose as a warning against dangerous testimony. As in the code of the Mafia, here in New York the crime of crimes is betraying a member of the band, or even appealing to justice against him.

Is this what Mayor Low promised us when he said, "If you want a change in the Police Department you can get it by electing me?"

The Songs of the People.—It is said that John Hays' wishes he had not written his "Pike County Ballads." Bret Harte resents any allusion to his "Heathen Chinee" and the venerable Thomas Dunn English objected to being known as the author of "Baa Baa." And yet this modest but genuine poem will probably outlive the memory of its author.

SOMETHING SUPERIOR TO CANFIELD'S.

Mr. Canfield's establishment in Forty-fourth street is properly regarded as something very choice, but Mr. Frank Farrell is equipping in Thirty-third street a temple of fortune so luxurious in its appointments that it will "make Canfield's place look like a shanty." A marble staircase costing \$10,000 and rather superior to anything outside of Italy, paintings worth a steel king's income and inclining to the florid Correggio school, the most expensive of china and glassware and a chef of acknowledged excellence will combine to make Farrell's attractive and incidentally to divert a part of the golden stream that flows into Mr. Canfield's coffers. It seems quite wrong to Mr. Farrell that all the spare cash around the Waldorf seeking nocturnal investment should be forced to go up the avenue, and he is preparing to take care of it around the corner.

One of his friends asked this very ironical question yesterday: "When Farrell is going ahead with this kind of a plant it doesn't look as if gambling was going to be stopped in New York does it?" What will the police ever know of it except by hearsay? Do we not remember Capt. Lantry's melancholy ignorance of Canfield's?

THE VOICE OF CHICAGO.

Chicago's local election of yesterday is an instructive episode in municipal history.

One-half of the qualified voters of the city showed their interest in the public welfare by staying away from the polls. During the two years between now and the next election they will give a great deal of time deplored the evils of municipal misrule.

Among the voting citizens the vote was six to one in favor of the "public ownership of the public utilities." As the franchise corporations of Chicago have a market value somewhat in excess of the total assessed value of the city, it is not easy to see how this public ownership is to be attained. The available resources of Chicago as a municipality do not permit of a single department of the public service being maintained in a condition of merely ordinary efficiency.

It would be a melancholy subject of reflection to speculate on the consequences of intrusting the vast business interests of the public corporations to the average Board of Aldermen of Chicago or New York.

A GENUINE EPIGRAM.

From Lakehurst, N. J., the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst telegraphs to the Times the following concise summing-up of the police situation:

We had supposed that the administration was going to reform the police. It looks as though the police were going to reform the administration.

Dr. Parkhurst is staying at Lakehurst for his health, but his mental faculties are evidently not in need of recuperation.

SHIFTING THE FIREMEN.

Commissioner Sturgis has a plan for transferring firemen from one borough to another "whenever the good of the service requires it." It is a system that has worked well with the police, where familiarity with affairs in a precinct sometimes "biases" an officer's usefulness. This very familiarity is most desirable in firemen; it gives a knowledge of the lay of the land that may save a minute or two of great importance in getting at a threatening fire.

An innovation much more for "the good of the service" would be a change of the fire-alarm apparatus so that the gong should not sound in every fire-house for every blaze, remote as well as near. It is the ever-clanging gong that breaks the all-too-frequently interrupted rest of the fireman and sends him plunging down to death as he walks in his sleep to find the sliding pole. The Evening World's recent revelation of four deaths in the department due to this cause showed how precarious this intermittent sleep is.

PASSING OF APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

There appear to be some persons who still take April Fool's Day seriously. Samuel Goldman is one. Goldman thought a Magistrate's summons was an April fool joke and paid a fine of \$5 for enlightenment. But the spirit of the day seems to have gone. There was no interesting article of fabricated news abroad yesterday—no balloon hoax, no disinterment of a petrified Cardiff giant. What a neglected opportunity for the joker's genius in Merton! Why did his wireless mechanism bring us no message from the canal diggers of Mars? Schiaparelli used to do better for us. Where was Nic Tesla the while?

It is to be feared that we are growing to be a matter-of-fact people. English critics say so, and they allege that our sense of humor is declining—what are Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley to Artemus Ward, the great, or Josh Billings? Certainly in daily life the practical joker is less numerous than he was.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKE OF OUR OWN

ODD FATALITY.

"Have there been many cases of pneumonia here this winter?"

"Yes, indeed! Folks have died of it lately who never died before."

SPRING TONIC.

"Who dying is send out a box of quinine to Police Headquarters?"

"I thought the System needed bracing up."

PROVED HIS INNOCENCE.

"I thought you promised me never to use tobacco in my farm."

"I won't. This is a cigarette I'm smoking."

HEAVY GAMBLING.

"I wonder if Miss Hemingway was ever kissed."

"Yes, once. The man was paying an erection bill."

CURED BY EXPERIENCE.

"I notice you never play April fool jokes. Why not?" Did you ever suffer from one?"

"Yes, I was married on April 1."

THE NEW REFORM.

"The James and May process will have to walk safely through the Park this spring."

"Who?"

"Jerome intends to stamp out gambling."

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

"Please return to the same name but rolled out of a sixth-story window in his sleep."

"He always was a high roller."

GROWING.

"Where's the \$5 I lent you last year?"

"My dear fellow, I haven't the faintest idea—but if you can find it you're welcome to keep it."

SOMETHING GNARLY.

"What do the person say when you showed him the horned horse at the circus?"

"He said he could no longer quote Solomon's words that there is nothing you under the sun."

CONSISTENT WOMAN.

"She cried because she had no hat."

"Like Mrs. Brown's new bonnet. Then went because the one she bought had just the same things on it."

SOMEBOODIES.

AMERON, FLORENCE, who has been appointed a nurse by the British War Office, received her training at the Philadelphia Hospital.

CHARLES B. UNITED STATES MINISTER TO COLUMBIA, is on his way from Colon to New York.

HADLEY, PRESIDENT OF Yale, has just had his life insured for the first time. The policy amounts to \$100.

LOW, SETH—has chosen for a summer home a house at Milton Paint near Rye. A steam yacht will carry him to and from New York daily.

MINTYRUE, J. J. of Brooklyn, has invented a destructive war rocket. It is fired by dynamite, its immolation a steel bullet.

ST. GAUDENS, AUGUSTUS—has designed an equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, which will be erected at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park.

TUCKER DR. W. J.—who is finishing his tenth year as President of Dartmouth College, has increased the college membership from 358 to over 1,400 students and over \$1,500,000 in endowments have been received during his incumbency.

PENITENT.

"Crosses in the desert of despair—like looking straight to one with fever burns."

"So come the days for which one long has yearned."

"When fall from life its heavy robes of care."

"It is to let her God our Suster—see."

"That Power to whom our prayers have been turned."

"Who never has our least petition spurned."

"Who has of pity, energy, love, to spare."

"When thus one has discerned the earthly joke."

"What visions burst of light of happiness!"

"It is as if a new horizon broke."

"Whosoever is seen as symbol of distress."

"As if through centuries our Savoir spoke."

"To those who He has chastened—ed to bless."

Dexter Smith in Boston Transcript.

Spring Clothing.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This is the sort of weather doctors may revel in. And it is the sort of weather when the heat wave put on summer or spring clothing just because we had mid week of March is lucky if gets nothing worse than grain. Let it be a lesson not to put off winter clothing until May 15 at the very earliest. No one taking that precaution can regret it, while illness awaits impudence in donning lighter clothing.

As to Under-Skirt.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

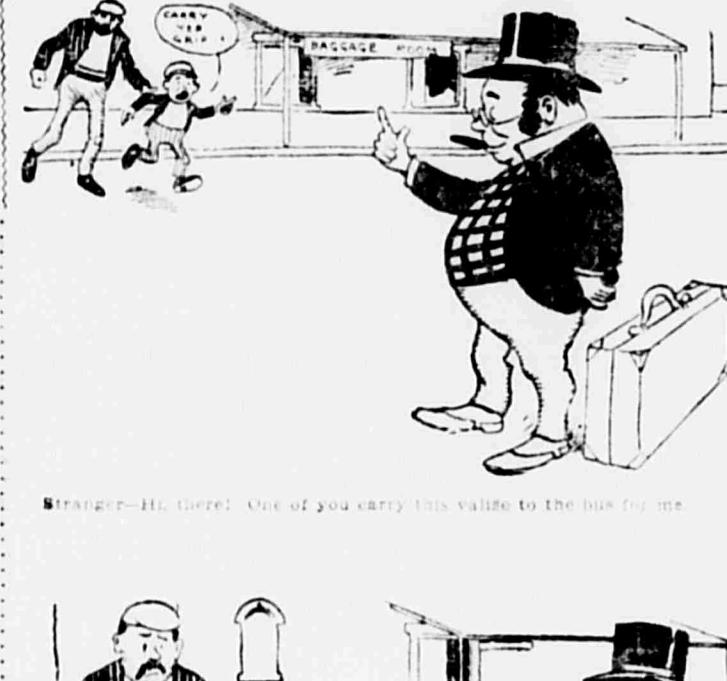
I read that the baby of the Jersey woman accused of torturing and murdering her little stepdaughter is making a

GOLF IN THE DESERT.



Cholly (as the ostrich swallows the ball)—I wonder what I do now—Punch.

BUSINESS COMPLICATIONS.



Stranger—Hi, there! One of you carry this valise to the bus for me.



The Kid—Aw, go away yourself. I got to do my job.



The Big Fellow—You think so, do you? I think you have sublet de contract and I'll tick you if you boller.

TAYLOR.



Mabel—My papa's brighter than your papa. Your papa can't learn anything.

Fritz—Hold on, I'd like to know who your papa is.

Mabel—Well, my papa says at your grandpa never learns how to play poker. That's all.

LANGUAGE.



Fitzroy—America's Lady Tourist V. and the stonke-keeper—Do you speak French here?

Stonke-keeper—Vat kind, madame? Ze language of ze country or United States French?

POINT OF VIEW.



Mabel—Why, I doesn't. Cupid ever have any clothes on?

Willie—Cause if he were 'em people would always be scoldin' him for shooting arrows around. That's what they do to me.

Restaurant-Keeper's Snap.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been dining at restaurants for some months. As an old non-keeper I was to say I believe restaurant-keepers must be millionaires. The food cost me \$10 cents. Why are they allowed to charge so much?

VICTIM.

Advice for the Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the boy who complained he was beaten by his parents and asked advice as to whether he should leave home, I have a few remarks to make. First of all, has a boy of fourteen years a right to criticize his parents? He will, when he is older, appreciate what is being done for him now. He probably deserves what he is getting. Let him get it, and make him pay for it.

J. ARMSTRONG.

Advice for the Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send a letter about a man being cheated by a pawnbroker on a watch. He is quite right. I bought a "good" watch in a pawnbroker's sale store.

CLAIMS A SWINDLE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send a letter about a man being

BORROWED JOKES.

LEFT.

"Big pardon," said the suspicious-looking fellow, meeting Suburb in a dark street, "but what time have you?"

"Just enough to catch my train," replied Suburb, as he hastened on—Philadelphia Press.

FOR THE PART.

Church—When you see a fellow in an automobile with a lime cast, fur gloves, a mask over his eyes and nose, and a leather cap, what would you say?

Gotham—Why, should say he was dressed to kill—Yankees Statesman.

REPRESENTATIVES.

"There was a big crowd at the railway station to bid good-by to Blingsbury when he started for that new diplomatic post of his."

"A crowd of citizens?"

"Well, yes, it was made up of the fellows who are candidates for his seat in Congress," Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LEARNED HIS LESSON.

Shocked Mother—On Tommy! What have you been doing?"

Tommy (who has just returned from the first day of a preliminary course at the village school)—Fighting with Billy Brown.

Mother—That horrid boy at the farm! Don't you ever quarrel with him again?

Tommy—I ain't likely to—Punch.

STRAIGHT TIP.

"I'm going to go to the doctor," remarked Stingo. "I'm tired of running around